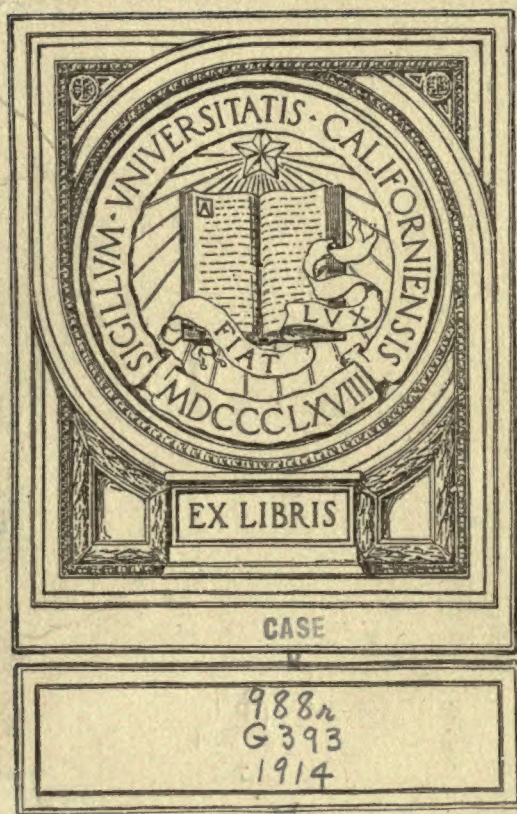


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Robin Hood

Date of earliest known original edition . . . c. 1561—9

[B. M. c. 21, c. 63]

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

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JOHN S. FARMER

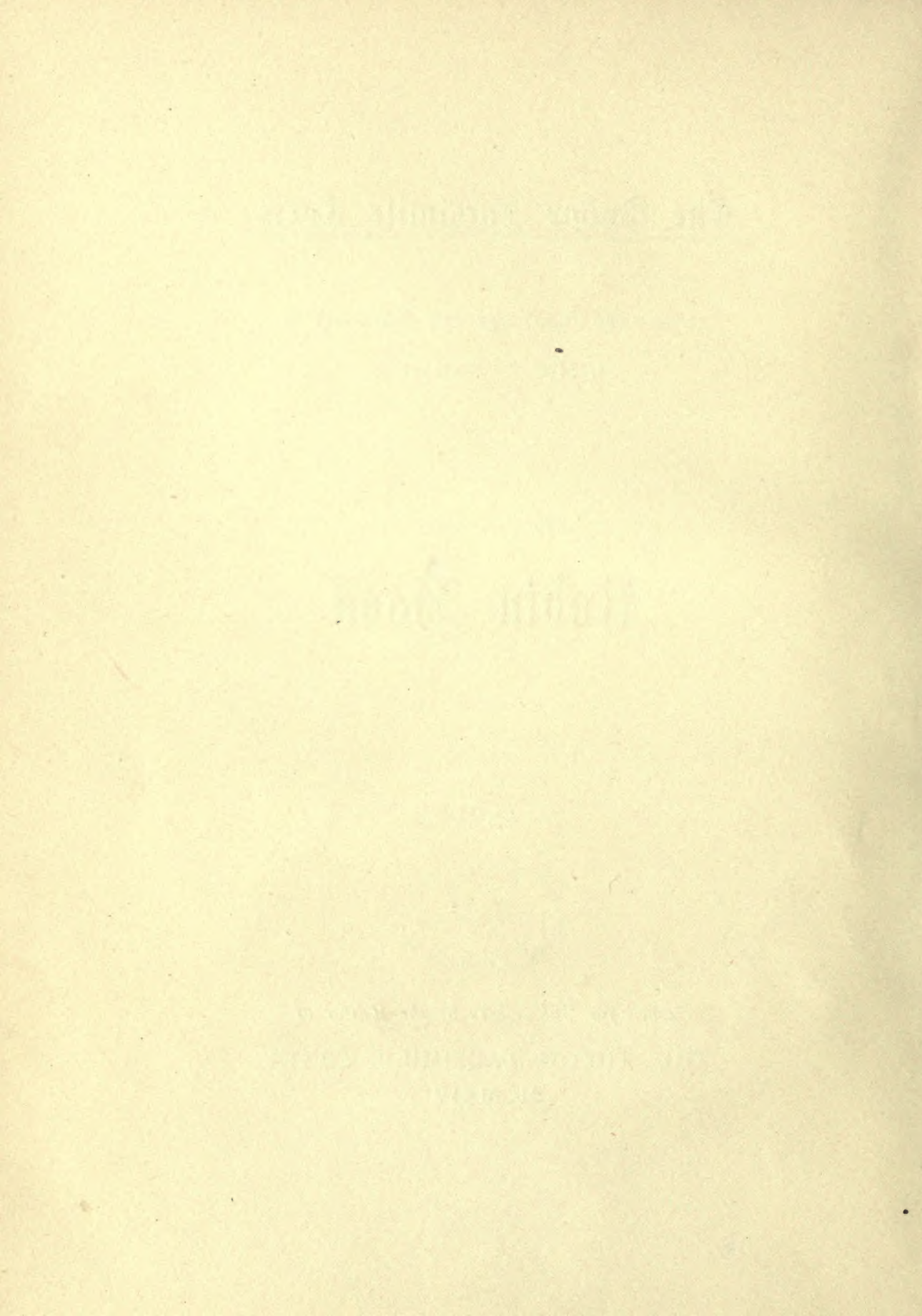
A gift of Robyn Hode.

Robin Hood

C. 1561—9



Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of
THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS
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Robin Hood

C. 1561—9

This play, from apparently a unique original in the British Museum, is preceded by "A mery geste." The full title is, "A mery geste of Robyn Hoode and of hys lyfe, wyth a newe playe for to be played in Maye games, very plesaunte and full of pastyme."


William Copland (see D.N.B.) was located in 1561 "in the Vyntre upon the Three Craned Warfe," and died between July 1568 and July 1569: these times thus approximately fix the date of issue.

Another edition was issued c. 1610 by Edward White, a copy of which, according to Greg, is in the Bodleian, who, however, makes no mention of another example formerly, according to Hazlitt, in the Huth library, who remarked that it was (1867) "the only copy known."

Sir Sidney Lee's article on Robin Hood (see Hood) in "The Dictionary of National Biography" should be consulted.

The reproduction of this play is satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.



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A mery geste of

Robyn Hoode and of hys lye, wyth
a newe playe for to be played
in Maye games very ple-
saunte and full of pastyme.

¶ (••) ¶



Here beynneth a lyttell ge^{te}
of Robyn hode and his mery
men, and of the proude
Shryffe of No.
tyngham.

Herthe and lyfengentyl men
That be of freborne blode
I shal you tel of a good yeman
Hys name was Robyn hode
Robyn was a proude outlawe
whyles he walked on grounde
So curteyse an outlawe as he was one
And as netter none yfounde
Robyn stode in Bernisdale
And lened hympon a tree
And by hym lytle John
A good yeman was hee
and also dyd good Scathelocke
and muche the mynners sonne
There was no enche of hys body
But it was worthe a grome
Than bespake hym lytle John
all vnto Robyn hode
Mayster if ye would dene betyme
it would do you muche good
Than bespake good Robyn
To drene I haue no lust
Tyll I haue some holde baron
Or some vnketh gest
That may paye for the best
Or some knyght, or some squyer
That dwelleth here by well

agood

A good maner then had Robyn
 Inlande where that he were
 Euery daye or he wold dyne
 There masses woulde he here
 The one, in the worlthyp of the father
 The other of the holy gholste
 The thyrde was of our dere ladye
 That he leued of all other moſte
 Robyn loued our dere lady
 For doubte of dedly synne
 Woulde he neuer do company harme
 That any woman was in
 Maister then ſayde yf tell John
 And we oure borde ſhall ſprede
 tell vs which we ſhall gone
 And what lfe we ſhall lde
 where we ſhall take where we ſhall leue
 where we ſhall abyde behynde
 where we ſhall robbe, where we ſhall reue
 where we ſhall beate and bynde
 Therof no force ſayde Robyn
 We ſhall do well ynough
 But loke ye do no huſbande man harme
 that tyllith with the plough
 No more ye ſhall no good yeman
 that walketh by grene wood ſhal we
 Ne no knyght ne no ſquier
 That woulde be a good felowe
 theſe biſhoppes and theſe archebiſhoppes
 ye ſhal them beate and bynde
 the hve ſhrifte of Notryngham
 hym holde in your mynde

Thys worde shal beholde sayd lytle Jhon.
And this lesson shal we lere
It is farre dayes god sende vs a gest
That we meete at our dynere
Take thy good bowe in thy hande said Robyn
Let muche wende wyth the
And so shall wylliam Scathelocke
and no man abyde wyth me
Nowe walke ye by vnto the Sayle
and so to watyng strete
and wayte after some vnketh gest
By chaunce some may remete
Be he Earle or any Baron
abbot or any knyght
Byng hym then to lodge to me
Hys dyner shal be dight
They went anone vnto the Sailes
these yemen all thre
They looked East they looked west
they myght no man see
but as they looked in bernisdaile
By ademe strate
then came there a knyght rydyng
full soone they gan hym mete
all drouli than was his semblaunt
and lytle was hys pryde
Hys one foote in the styrope stode
That other wauid besyde
Hys hode haged ouer hys eyes two
He rode in symple aray
a sorrier man than he was one
Hode neuer on sommers day

Xytell

Letell John was curteysle
 and set hym on his knee
 welcome be ye gentyl knyght
 welcome are you to me
 welcome be thou to greene wood
 Hende knyght and free
 My master hath abyden fastyng
 for all these houres three
 who is your master sayd the knyght
 John sayde, Robyn hode
 He is a good yeoman sayd the knyght
 Of hym haue I hard muche good
 I graunt the he sayd with you to wynder
 My brethren all three
 My purpose was to haue dyed to day
 at Blythe or Bancastron
 Forth then went that gentyl knyght
 with a carefull chere
 the teares out of his eyes rane
 And fell downe be his leue
 They brought hym vnto the lodge doore
 whan Robyn gan hym see
 full courteysle ded of his hooche
 and set hym downe on his knee
 welcome for knyght than sayd robyn
 welcome thou art to me
 I haue abyden fastyng for
 all these houres three
 Than answered the gentyl knyght
 with wordes fayre and free
 God the saue good Robyn
 and al thy fayre menye

they washed to gether and wypped bothe
And set to them dynere
B:cad and wyne they had ynough
and nombles of the dere
Swannes and fesaunt es they had full good
and foules of the ryuer
There sayleth neuer so lytle abynde
that euer was spred on b:ere
Do gladly Ch: knyngt sayd Robyn
Gramercy syz sayd he
suche a dynier had I not
Of all these weekes thre
yf I coule agayne Robyn
Here be this countre
as good a dynier I shall the make
as thou hast made to me
I thanke the knyght then said Robyn
My dynier when I haue
By god I was neuer so gredy
My dynier for to craue
But pay or ye wende sayde Robyn
We thynketh it is good ryghte
it was neuer the maner by worthy god
a yeman to paye for a knyght
I haue nought in my cofers sayd the knyght
That I may profet for shame
Lyttel John go loke sayd Robyn hood
He let not for no blame
Tel me truthe sayd Robyn
So god haue parte of thee
I haue more but .x. s. sayde the knyght
So god haue parte of mee
if thou

It thou haue no more sayd Robyn
I wyll not one peny
And yf thou haue nede of any more
More I shall lende the
So nowe forth lytle John
The truthe tell thou me
if there be no more but ten shyllynges
Not any penny that I le
Lytell John spred downe his mantell
Full sayre vpon the grounde
and there he founde in the knyghtes cofer
But enen halfe a pounce
Lytell John let it be full sell
and went to his master full lowe
What thynges John sayd Robyn
For the knyght is true
Full of the best wyne sayd Robyn
The knyght shall begynne
Much wonder thynketh me
Thy clothyng is so thynne
Tell me one worde sayd Robyn
and counsaill shallst be
I trowe thou were made knyght of force
Or els of yemance
Or yls els thou halfe by a forye husbande
and lyued in stroke and stryfe
an okerer or els a lecher sayd Robyn
with wres hall thou ledde thy lyfe
I am none of them sayd the knyght
By god that made me
an hundreth wynter here before
Myne auntylers knyghtes haue be

But

But oft it hath befall Robyn
A man hat be disgrate
But god that lyteth in heauen aboue
May amende his state
Within twoo or three yeres. Robyn he sayde
Foure hundreth pound of good money
Full well then myght I spende
Now haue I no good sayd y knight
But my chyldren and my wyfe
God hath shopen fuche an ende
Eyll god it amende
In what maner saede Robyn
Hast thou lost thy ryches
For my great tolly he sayde
and for my kyndenes
I had a sonne forsothe Robyn
that shoulde haue bene my heyre
whyn he was twente yenters old
In frelde would iust full sayre
He slewe a knyght of Lancasthyre
and asquyer bolde
For to save him in his ryght
My goodes both set and solde
My landes beset to wedd Robyn
Untyll a lartayn day
to a ryche abbot here helyde
Of saynt Mary abbay
What is the some sayd Robyn
Truth then tell thou me
For he sayd foure hundreth pound
the abbot tolde it to mee

Now

Now and thou loie thy land sayde Robyn
 What shall I say of thee?
 Hailly I wyl me bushe sayd the knyght
 ouer the salte sea
 And se where Christ was quike and deade
 On the mount of Caluery
 Farewell frend and haile good day
 It ma no better bee
 Teares fell oute of his eyes
 He would haue gone his waye
 Farewell frendes haile good day
 I haue no more to pay
 where by the fethers sayd Robyn
 Byr neuer one wyl knowe mee
 whyles I was with the ynow at whom
 Great holte that would they blow
 and now they runne a waye
 as beastes on a stowe
 They take no more heede of me
 Than they neuer me sawe
 For ruth than meet I tell John
 Scathelocke and such the alle
 Full of the bell to me sayd Robyn
 For here is a temple chere
 Hast thou any frendes sayd Robyn
 Thy borowes that wyl be
 I haue none sayd the knyght
 But god that dyed on a tree
 Do away thy shap sayd Robyn
 Therof wyl I tryght none
 well thou I haue god to borowe
 Peter Paule or John

May by him that made me
 And hope both sunne and moone
 I find a better dowrye sayd Robyn
 Or money getteth eithen none
 I have none other sayd the knyght
 The sothe for to saye
 But it be our deare Ladye
 She farleth me neuer of this daye
 By dere weethy god sayd Robyn
 To seche all England thorow
 yet found I never to my paye
 a myche better bozow
 Come now for the lettel John
 and go to my treasure
 and bring me my houndreth pound
 and loke it well tolde be
 Forth than we sett all John
 and Scathelocke went before
 He tolde out four hundred pound
 By eyghten score
 Is this well sold sayd lettel John
 John sayd what greueth thee
 it is almes to helpe a gentyl knyght
 that is fall in pouerty
 Maister than saide lettel John
 his clothing is full thynne
 ye must gette the knyght a newe
 To wrappe his body therein
 For ye haue searle hand greene
 and muche ryche atape
 here is no marchaunt in myrre Englande
 For yche I dare well saye

Take him this perdes of entee colours
 And loke that well mete it be
 Letell John take none other mesure
 But his bowe tre
 And of eueryth and fill that he neet
 He lepte ouer footes thre
 What the deuis wher said letell Mushe
 Thinkelle thou to be
 Scathe locke fode full fill and laught
 And sayd by god almyght
 John may geue him the better mesure
 By god it cost him but light
 Myller saide lytell John
 All vnto Robynhode
 Ye must geue that knight an horse
 To lede home al this good
 Take him a gray couerler said Robyn
 And a sable neke
 He is our ladies messenger
 God lende that it betwene
 and a good palfray sayd lytell Mushe
 to mayntayn him in his right
 and a payre of bootes sayd Scathe locke
 For he is a gentill knight
 what shal thou giue him lytell John said Robyn
 For a payre of gonne shotes
 To pray for all this company
 God blesse him of tene
 when shall amdaye be sayd the knyght
 Syr and your wyll be
 this day twelue moneth sayd Robyn
 Under the grene wodetree

B.ii.

It were

It were great shame sayd in byn
A knyght alone to ryde
Without squire yeman or page
To walke by hys syde
I shall the lorde bytelle John my man
For he shall be thy knave
In a yeman stene he may stande
If thou great nede haue.

The seconde fyfte

Now is the knyght gone on his way
This game he thought full good
When he loked on Bernisdale
He blessed Robin hood
And when he thought on Bernisdale
On Scathelocke Muche and John
He blessed them for the best company
That euer he in came
Then spake the gentyll knyght
To lytel John gan he sayd
To morowe I must to yorke to lorne
To saynt Mary abbay
And to the abbot of that place
Foure hundred pounde I must pay
And but I be there vpon thys nyght
My laude is lost for ay
The abbot sayde to his rouyn
There he stode on a round
this day. xii. monethes came there a knyght
And borrowed foure hundred pounde
On all his lande and fees
But he come thys eld day
Disserited shall he be.

It is

It is full early sayd the pryour
 the day is not yet farre gone
 I had leuer to pay an hundreth pounde
 And lay it downe anone
 the knyght is fere beyonde the sea
 In Englande is his right
 And suffereth hunger and colde
 and many a sore nyght
 It were great pitte sayde the pryour
 So to haue hys lande
 and ye be so lyght of your conscience
 ye do to hym muche wronge
 thou art euer in my verde sayde the abbot
 By god and saynt Richard
 with that came in a fatte headed monk
 The hygh seclerete
 He is dead e3 hanged sayd the monke
 By god that bought me drete
 and we shal haue to spend in this place
 Foure hundreth poundes by yere
 the abbot and the hergh seclerete
 Sterte surth ful bolde
 the highe Iustise of Englande
 the abbot there did holde
 the high Iustice and many mo
 Had taken into their hande
 Holp al the knyghtes det
 to put that knyght to wronge
 they demed the knyght wonder so
 the abbot and hys meyne
 But he come this ylike day
 By herited shal be he

He wyll come yet sayde the iudge
I dare well undertake
But in forþwete to them
The knyght came to the gate
Than bespake that gentyl knyght
Untyll hys menye
Howe put on your simple weyes
That ye brought fro the see
they came to the gates anon
the porter was redy him to see
And welcomed them every chere
welcome syz knyght sayd the porter
My hode to meate is he
And so is many a gentylman
For the lordes theer
the porter swore a full great othe
By god that made man
Here be the best corse hors
that ever yet sawe
Lede them into the stable he saide
that ealed myght they be
the shal not ebe theri sate
By god that dyed on a tree
Lordez were to meate & rest
In that abbottes
the knyght went forth & laded doyn
And saluted them greuously
By gladly syz abbot saide the knyght
I am come on holiday
the first worde that the abbot spake
Hast thou brought me my payre
At one penny sayd the knyght
By god

By god that hath made me
thou art a shrewd detest said the abbot
Syr iustice drinke to me
what dost thou here said the abbot
But thou hast brought thy pay
For god than sayde the knight
to desyre you of a lenger day
thy day is broke said the iustice
Land gettest thou none
Howe good syr iustice be my frende
and defend me from my feye
I am hold to the abbot said the iustice
Bothe with cloth and fee
Howe good syr thyrse be my frende
May for god sayde he
Howe good syr abbot be my frende
For thy curtesy
and holde my landes in thy handes
Eyll I haue made the grete
and I will be thy true seruant
and truly serue thee
till ye haue foure hundred pound
Of money good and true
the abbot swaie a full create of the
By god that dyed on a tree
Let the lande where thou may
For thou gettest none of me
By dere worthy god sayd the knight
that all this world brought
But I haue my lande agayne
Full dere it shal be bought
God that was of a mayden borne

Sende vs well to speede
 For it is godd a assaye a frende
 Or that a man haue neede
 the abbot lothly on then gan loke
 Out he sayde thou false knyght
 Spede the oute of my hall
 thou best tha sayd þ gentyll knyght
 Abbot in thy hall
 False knyght was I neuer
 By god that made vs all
 In than stode that gentyll knyght
 to the abbot sayde he
 to suffer a knyght to dwelle so long
 thou canst not rectly
 In iustes and in tournement
 Full farre than have I be
 And put my selfe as farre in prele
 as any that ever I see
 what wyl þe gyve more sate þ Iustice
 and the knyght shall meke a belese
 and elles dare I safelie sweare
 ye holde never þe lande in pence
 an hundreth pounde I sayd þ abbot
 the Iustice sayd þe hym to do
 Nay by god sayde the knyght
 ye get ve it not soon
 though ye would gette a thousand more
 yet were thou never the more
 Shall there neuer be myghte here
 abbot Iustice neffere
 He sterte him to a houre anon
 tyll a table rounde

and there he thoke out a bagge
Euen foure hundreth pounde
Hauie here thi golde syr abbot said the knyght
Whiche that thou lentest me
Haddest thou bene curteis at my recommyng
I would haue rewarded thee
The abbot sate still and ate no more
For all hys ropall chere
He cast his head on his shulder
and fast gan to slare
take me my gold agai sayd the abbot
Syr Iustice that I toke thee
Not a penny sayd the Iustice
By god that dyed on a tre
Syr abbot and ye men of lawe
Now haue I hold my day
Now I shall haue my land agayne
For ought that you can say
The knyght flet out of the doze
away was al his care
and on he put his good clothinge
the other he left there
He went him for the ful meri sing
as men haue to'be in tale
His Lady met him at the gate
at home in Wecpsdale
welcome my lord sayd his Lady
Syr lost is al your good
Be mery dame sayd the knyght
and pray for Robyn hoode
That euer his soule be in blyste
He holde me out of tene

He had not be his kynnesse
Beggars had we ben
The abbot and I accorded ten
He serued of hyr pay
The good yeman lent it me
As I came by the waye
This knight than dwelled sayre at
the sothe for to saye honte
Till he had got four hundreth pound
All redy for to paye
He purchaied him an hundreth bowes
the stringes were well dyght
an hundreth shefe of arrowes good
the hedes burnysshed full bryght
and euery arrowe an ell longe
with pectoche well I dyghte
and nocked they were with whyte silk
It was a semely syght
he purcheied hym an hundreth men
well harneysed in that stede
and him selfe in that same sute
and clothed in whyte and rede
He bare alaunce gay in his hande
and a man ledde his maul
and rode with a light song
Unto Fernisdaile
as he wot by a brig was a brallig
and there taried was he
and there was all the best yeman
Of all the west countrey
a ful fayre game ther was vp set
a whyle bull vp pyght

A great courser with saddle and byrde
with golde burnished full bryght
A payre of gloues, a read golde rynge
a pyper of wyne in good fay
what man bereth him best pwyg
The preece shal heare away
There was a yeman in that place
and best worthy was he
and for he was fayre and frend besyd
yslayne he should haue be
The knyght had ruth of this yeman
In place where that he stode
He said þe yeman shold haue no harme
For the loue of Robyn hode
The knyght preeced into the place
an hundreth folowed him in fere
with bowes bent and arrowes sharpe
For to shend that compayne
They sholdreth and made hym come
To wete what he would say
He toke the yeman by the hande
and gawe hym all the playe
He gawe him siue mark for his witt
There it lare than on the noble
and had it should be set abroche
and drinke that who so would
Thus long taried this gentil knight
Till that playe was done
So longe abode Robyn assyng
the houres ofter none

¶ The thyrde bytte

C.ii.

Lyth and lyften gentyll men
 Al that now be here
 Of lytell John that was the knyghtes man
 Good mythe ye shall heare
 It was vpon a mery day
 That yonge men would go shute
 Lyttell John fet his bowe anone
 And sayde he would them mete
 Thre tymes lytel John shot about
 And alway cleit the wande
 The proude Myrse of notingham
 By the markes gan stande
 The Myrse swore a full great othe
 By him that dyed on tree
 This man is the best archere
 That euer I dyd see
 Say me thou wight yonge man
 What is now thy name
 In what countrei thou wast borne
 And where is thy winnig wane
 In holdernesse I was borne
 I wys al of my dame
 Men call me Reynold grenelese
 Whan I am at home
 Say me Reynold grenelese
 Wylt thou dwell with me
 and euery yere I wyl the gye
 twenty marke to thy fee
 I haue a mayster said litel John
 a curteis knight is he
 Say ye get leue of hym, the better may it be
 The Myrse gate lytell John

Twelue monethes of the knyght
 Therfore he gaue to him anone
 a good horse and a wyght
 Now is littel John þe myghty man
 He geue vs wel to speke
 But alway thought lytell John
 To quete him wel his mede
 Now so god helpe sayd lytell John
 And be my trewe lewe
 I shal be the worst seruaunt to him
 That euer he had yete
 It befell vpon a wednesday
 The shyfte ouhunting was gone
 And lytell John lay in his bed
 And was forget at home
 Therfore he was fasting
 Tyl it was past thenceone
 Good syr steward I pray thee
 Geue me meate sayd lytell John
 It is to long for grene lese
 Fasting so long to be
 Therfore I pray the steward
 My dyner geue thou mee
 Shalt þe neuer eat ne drinke sayde þe
 steward Tyl my lord bedme to town
 I make mie auow to god said littel
 John I had lete to crack thy crown
 the butler was ful vncurties
 There he stode on flore
 He stert to the buttrery and het fast the doore
 Lytell John gaue the butler suche a rappe
 His backe yede nygh into

Tho he lyeueth an hundredth wynter
the worse he shoulde go
He spurned the doze with his fote
It went vp well and fone
and there he made a large lyueray
Both of all and wyne
Syth yewyl not dyne sayd litel John
I shall geue you to drynke
and though ye lye this hundredth wynter
Onlytell John shall ye thenke
Lytell John eat and also dronke
the whyle that he would
the shyfite had in his kechin a coke
a stoute man and a bolde
I mak mine a uow to god sayd y coke
thou art a shrewed hyne
In an housholde for to dwell
for to aske thus for to dyne
and there he lent lyttel John
Good strokes three
I make myne a uowe said lytel John
these strokes do lyke wel me
thou art a bold man and a hardy
and so thinketh me
and or I passe fro this place
as a yde better shalt thou be
Lytell John drew a good sworde
the coke toke a nother in hande
they thought nothyng to flee
But stode for to stande
there they fought sore together
two myle way and more

Myght neyther other hat me done
the moun: enaunce of an houre
I make myne answere to god said lytel John
and by my trewe lewte
thou art one of the best sworde men
that euer yet sawe I me
Coudest thou shote as wel in a bowe
to arene wood thou shouldeste with me
and.ii. tymes in þe yere thy clothynge
chaunged it shoulde be
and euery pere of Robynhode
twentij marke to thy fee
But by thy sworde sard the coke
and felowes wyl we be
than he set to lytel John
the nombles of a Do
Good bread and ful good wyde
they ate and ranke therto
and whan they had dronken well
their trouthes together they plyght
that they would be with Robyn
that ylike same day at nyght
they hied them to the treasor house
as fast as they myght gone
the lockes that were of good stele
they brake them euery chere
they toke a war soluer vessel
and all that they myght get
Pecers masers and spones
would they non forget
also they toke the good yence
thre hund:eth potinde and thre
and

And hyed the streyght to Robyn hode
Under the grene wodetree
God the saue my dere mayster
And Chyrl the saue and se
And than sayd Robyn to lytle John
Welcome thou art to me
And so is that good yeman
That thou hast brought wyth the
what tydings from Notpngham
Lyttell John tell thou me
well the greteth the proude thyrse
He hath send the here by me
His cope and his syluer vessel
And thre hundreth pound and thre
I make mine aduow to god sad robin
And to the trynete
It was neuer by his good wyll
this good is come to me
Lyttell John hym bethought
On a shrewed wyle. v. myle in the forest he ran
Hym happed at his wyll
than he met the proude thyrse
Huntynge wth hound and horne
Lyttell John coulde his curtesye
and kyeled hym before
God the saue me dere mayster
and Chyrl the saue and se
Reynold grenclefe sayd the thyrse
where hast thou now be
I hane nowe be in this forest
a fayre syght can I se
It was one of the fayrest sightes

that

That euer yet sawe I me
ponder I se a ryght fayre harte
Hys coloure is of grene
Seuen score dere vpon a yerde
We wyth hym all bydene
Hys ryndes be so sharpe mayster
Of sxyty and well mo
that I durst not shote for drede
Lest they would misdo
I make myne anowe to god sayd the shyple
that syghte would I seyne se
Buske the thyderwarde my dere mayster
In one and wende with me
The Shyriffe rode and lytel John
Of sote he was full smart
And whan they came afore Robyn
To here is the maister harte
Styl rode the proude shyple
a sovy man was he
wo worth the Reynolde grenelese
Thou hast now betrayed me
I make mine anowe to god sayd lytel John
Maister ye be to blame
I was misserued of my dyner
whan I was with you at home
Soone he was to souperse
and serued with coluer whete
and whan the Shyriffe sawe his vessel
For sorowe he might not eat e
Make good chere elayd Robyn hode
Shyriffe for charitie
And for the loue of lyt ell John

D. i.

Chy

thy lyfe is graunted to the
 when they had supped well
 the day was a gone
 Roben commaunded lytel John
 to drawe of his hosen & hys shone
 his kir:el and his cote a ppe
 that was furred well and syne
 And take him a grene mantell
 To lappe his body therein
 Robyn commaunded his wight yemen
 Under the grenewood tree
 They shall ly in that sorte
 that the shirife might them see
 Al nyght lay that proude shirife
 In his breche and in his herte
 No wonder it was in grene wood
 & ho his sydes do smarte
 Make glad sayd Robyn hooche
 Shyrpe for charitie
 For this is our oider crypys
 Under the grene wood tree
 This is harder than said shirife
 Than any ancre or scere
 For at the golde in mery Englande
 I would not dwell longe here
 All these twelve monethes sayd Robyn
 Thou shalt dwell with me
 I shall thee teche proude shyrpe
 An outlawe for to be
 Or I here another night lye sayd the shyrpe
 Robyn nobre I pray the
 Smyle of my head rather to moine

And

And I forger it thee
 Let me go than sayd the thy:ple
 For saynt charitie
 And I wyl be the best frende
 that euer yet hadye
 Thou shalt sweare me an othe said
 On me bright brande, (Robyn
 thou shalt neuer wayte me shathe
 By water nor by lande
 and if thou fynde any of my men
 By nyght or by daye
 Upon thine othe thou shalt sweare
 to helpe them that thou may
 Now hath the shirife swore his oth
 and home began to gone
 He was as ful of grene wood
 as euer was any man

The fourth lyttele

The herise dwelled in no igh
 He was sayn he was gone
 and Roben and his mery men
 went to wood anone
 So we to dyner sayd lytle John
 Robyn sayde nay
 for I dyde our lady be wroth w me
 for he sent me not my pay
 haue no doubt maister said litel John
 yet is not the sunne at rest
 for I dare say and safely swere
 The knyght is true and trust
 Take thy bow in thy hande sayd Robyn
 Let Guche wende with thee

And so shall William Scathe Locke
And no man abyde with me
And vp into the sayles
and to watyng strete
and loke for some strauinge gell
By chaunce you may them mete
whether he be messenger
Or man that mythes can
Or if he be a poore man
Of my good he shal haue some
Forth than sterre ytell John
Halfe in feyre and tent
And gyrd him w a full good sworde
Under a mantell of grene
They went than vnto the sayles
These yemen all three
They loked East they loked west
Thei might no man see
But as he loked in Barnisale
By the hye waye
Than were they ware of two blacke monkes
Eche on a good palfrey
Than bespake ytel John
To muche he can saye
I dare lay my herte to wedde
That these monkes haue brought our pay
Make glad cherly ytel John
And bende we our bowes of elwe
And loke your harte bespake and sayd
your strynges trusty and trewe
The monke hath but .iiij. men
and seven sommers full stronge

There

There rydeth no byshop in this lande
So royall I vnderstande
Bretherne sayd lytell John
Here are no more but we thre
But we byng them to dyner
Our master dare we not se
Bende your bowes sayd lytell John
Make you yonder pryncesse to stande
The formost monke his lyfe and his deeth
Is closed in my hande
A hyde choile monke sayd lytel John
No ferther that thou goest
If thou doest by dere worthy god
Thy death is in my hande
An euell thyrst on thy head sayd lytel John
Ryght vnder the hatte bonde
For thou hast made our maister wroth
He is fastyng so longe
What hyght your maister sayd the monke
Lytell John sayd Robyn hode
He is a strong thefe sayd the monke
Of him herd I neuer good
Thou lreke than sayd lytel John
And that shall sore rewe thee
He is a yeman of the forrest
To dyne he hath hode thee
Guche was ready with a bowe
Redy and a none
He set the monke to fine the byest
To the ground he ran gone
Of two and fifty wyght yemen
There abode but one

Some

Same a hyle page, and a grome
To lede the somers with litell John
They brought the monke to the looge doore
Whether he were lothe or lese
For to speke wyth Robyn hode
Dauger in their teth
Robyn dode downe his hode
The monke whan he did see
The monke was not so cutteple
His hode than let he be
he is a churche maister by dere worth
Than sayd lytel John
therof no force sayd Robyn
For cutteple can he now
How many men sayd Robyn
Had this monke John
fifty and two. whan that we met
But many of them began
Let blowe we an hore sayd Robyn
that felowshyppe may vs knowe
Seuen score of wyght yemen
Came pickynge on a towe
and every che of them a good mate
Of scarlet and of rype
all they came to good Robyn
to wete what he would saye
the made þ monke to wasche & wypp
and syt at his dyner
Robyn hode and lytel John
They serued them bothe in serue
Do gladly monke sayd Robyn
Gramercy syz sayd he
3106
where

Where is your abbay when ye are at home
and who is your attowe
Saynt Mary abbay said the monke
though I be semple here
In what aspre said Robyn
Syr the hye Selerere
ye be the more welcome sayde Robyn
So mote I thypue or the
fyll of the best wyne sayd Robyn
this monke shall drinke to me
But I haue great matuel said robin
Of all this long day
I drede our Ladye be wrooth with me
She sent me not my pay
Haue no dought maister sayd I tell
you nede not so to saye
this mōke hath brought it I dare wel
For he is of her abbay
She was a borowhe sayd Robyn
Betwene a knight and me
Of a lytel money that I hym lent
Under the grene wood tree
and if thou hast that syluer broughte
I pray the let me so
and I shall helpe the est agayne
If thou haue nede of me
the monke swore a full great othe
wytha soyr chere
of the borow hode thou spekest to me
Herde I neuer ere
I make mine attow to god said Robyn
Monke thou art to blame

For god is his a right wife in mow
 And so is his dame
 thou toldest with thine owne tonge
 thou mayest not say nay
 How thou art her seruant
 and seruest her euery day
 And thou art her messenger
 My money for to pay
 therfore I do the thanke
 thou art come at thy day
 What is any one to say
 Robin true than tell thou me
 Syr he sayd twenty markes
 So more I thynke of the
 If there be no more sayd Robin
 I wyl not out one penny
 If thou halt neede of any more
 Syr more shall I lende thee
 and if I fynde more sayd Robin
 ywys thou halt it for gone
 For of thy spendyngge syluer mony
 therof I wyl haue none
 Go nowe forth & tell John
 and the tenche tell thou me
 If ther be no more but twetti mark
 No penny that I see
 Lettell John sayd his mantel down
 as he had done before
 and tolde out of the mynkes male
 Eynht hundreth poundes and more
 Lettel John let it lye full syl
 and went to his maister in hall

Syr

Syr he sayde the monke is tteynowe
 Our lady hath doubled your cost
 I make myne auowe to god sayd Robyn
 Monke that tolde I the
 Duclady is the trust woman
 That euer yet sounde I me
 By dere worthy god sayd Robyn
 To seche al england throuwe
 yet forinde I neuer to my pay
 A muche better borowe
 Fill of the best wyne & do him drinke sayd robin
 And greate well thy ladye hende
 And if she haue neede of robyn hod
 A frende she shal hym synde
 And she haue neede of any moze syluer
 Come thou eayne to me
 And by this token he hath me sent
 She shal haue suche thre
 the monk was going to Lodd ward
 there to holde great mote
 the knyght that rode so hy on horse
 to bringe him vnder tote
 whether he ye away sayd robyn
 Syr to Banars in this lande
 to reken with our reuers
 that haue done muche wrong
 Come nowe for the helpe tell John
 and herken to my tale
 a better yeman I knowe none
 to seke a monkes male
 and what is on the other courteser sayd robyn
 the tothe we must se

By our lady sayd the monke
That were no curtesye
To bryde a man to dynen
and sythe hym bete and bynde
It is our olde maner sayd robyn
To leue but litell behynde
The monke toke the horse with spore
No lenger would abyde
aske to drynke than sayd robyn
Or that ye farther ryde
Nay for god than sayd the monke
We rueth I came sonere
For better chepe I myght haue dyned
In Blythe or Dankellere
Crete well your abbot sayd Robyn
and your pryour I you praye
and byd him send me suche a monke
To dynen euery daye
Now let we that monke be still
and speke we of that knyght
yet he came to holde his day
whyle that it was lyght
he did him streyght to Bernisdale
Under the grene wood tree
and he founde there Robyn hode
and all his mery meyne
The knight light fro his good palfrey
Robyn whan he can se
right curtesly he did a downe his hode
and set him on his kne
God the saue good robyn hode
and al thys company

Welcom

Welcome be thou gentyl knyght
And ryght welcome to me
Than bespake him good Robyn hoode
To that knyght so fre
What nede driueth the to greene woode
I pray the syr knyght tell me
And welcome be thou gentyl knyght
Why hast thou be so longe
For the abbat and the hye Iustyce
They would haue had my lande
Hast thou thy land agayne sayd Robyn
Truthe than tell thou me
ye for god than sayd the knyght
and thanke I god and the
But take no grefe said the knyght
That I haue be so longe
I came by a wayfyllinge
and there I dyd helpe a poore yeman
with wronge was put bekynde
Now by my truthe than sayd Robyn
For that knyght thanke I the
What man that helpe a good yeman
His frende than wyl I be
Haue here .cccc. poundes then said the
The which he broght to me
and there is also a marke for your cur
Nay for god sayd Robyn
Thou broke it well for aye
For our ladye her high selevere
Hath sent to me my paye
and I shoulde take it thyse
a shame it were to me

But truly gentyl knyghte
welcome thou art to me
And whan robyn had tolde his tale
He laughed and made good chere
By my truthe than sayd the knyght
your money is ready here
Broke it well sayd robyn
Thou gentyl knyght so free
And welcome be thou gentill knyghte
Under this treassy tre (robyn
But what shall these bowes do sayde
And these arrowes fethered free
By god than sayde the gentyl knyght
A poore present to thee
Come now forth lytel John
My wyll done that it be (poundes
Go and fetch to me four hundred
The monke ouerfolde it me
Haue here four hundred pounde
Thou gentyl knyght and true
And bye the a horse and harnes good
and gilt the spourres all newe
and if thou sayle any spendeng
Come to robyn hode
and by my truth thou shalt none lasse
the whyles I haue any good
and broke wel thy .iiii. hundred pound
wherche I dyd lende to the
And make thy selfe no more so bare
By the counsayl of me
thus then holpe him good robyn
the knyght of all his care

God that syt teth in heauen hye
Graunt vs wel to fare

The teth syte.

Now hath the knyght his leue take
And wente him on his waye

Robyn hode and his mery men

Dwelled syl full many a day

Lyth and lytten gentyl men

and her' en what I shall saye

How the proude Myrre of Notingh

Dyd crye a full saye playe

That all the best archers of y North

Should come vpon a daye

and they that shote al of the best

The best shall bere awaye

He that shote al of the best

furthest saye and lowe

at a paye of goodly buttes

Under the grene wood shal we

aright good atowe he shall haue

The shaft of syluer whyte

the head and fethers of riche red gold

In Englande is none lyke

th is then herde good Robyn

Under his trusty tree

Make you ready you wyght yemen

that shotyng wyl I see

Buske you my mery yemen

ye shall go with me

and I shall knowe the Myrres say the

true and if he be

When they had their bowes ybende

Their arrowes lethe freed the hound
 Seven score of wight pained
 Stod by Robyns knee
 When they came to the hard ground
 The buttes were layre and longed on
 Many was the bolde archers
 that shot with bowes stronge
 there shall bute for those with most
 the other shall kepe my heade
 And stande with good bowe bent
 that if he not deceived
 the forth bute lawe
 And that was roben hode
 and that behelde the proude shirte
 all by the butte as he stode
 thise Robyn hode a bout
 And allway he clefte the wanders
 and so dyd good Gylbert
 with the lilly white hande
 Lytel John and good Statheloch
 were archers good and free
 Lytel Melchior and good Kepholde
 the worste would they not be
 whan that they had those adons
 these archers layre and good
 Euermore this was the best
 forsoth good Robin hode
 to him was deliuered the good
 for best worthy was he
 He toke the good
 to grene wood than would he
 they cryed out on Robyn hode

and great hornes gan the blowe
wo worthe the treason sayd Robyn
Full euyl thou art to knowe
and wo be thou, thou proude shirile
Thus chering thy gess
another pampse thou made to me
within the wyld forest
Brit and I had þ in the grene forest
Under my trusty tree
thou shuldest me leue a better wed
Than thy trewe lewte
full many a bowe there was bent
And arrowes let they glyde
Many a kyrtel there was rent
And hurte many a syde
The outlawes shofe was so strong
That no man myghte them dyscye
and the proude shiriles men
they fled a way helyue
robyn sawe the bushment to broke
In grene wod he woulde haue be
Many an arowe ther was shot
amonge the company
Lytel John he was shot ful sore
wyth an arowe in the knee
that he might nepther go nor ryde
It was full great pitie
Myfter then sayd lytel John
If euer thou loues me
and for that ylike lordes loue
That dyed vpon a tree
and for the medes of my seruyces

That I haue feried the
Let neuer the proude shirifer
alyue now to synde me
But take out thy browne sword
and smite thou of my head
and giue me weildes to wode longe
that I after eate no breade
I would not sayd Robyn
John that thou were slaine
For all the golde in mery England
though I had it all by me
God forbyd that sayd tytel
that dyed on a tree
that thou shouldest tytel John
Depart our company
Up he toke hym on his backe
and bare hym well a myle
By my atyme he layde hym downe
and shote another a while
Then was there a capre callid
a lytle withyn the wood
Double dyched it was aboute
and walled by the rood
and there dweled that gentyl knyght
Syr Rycharde at the Noe
That Robyn had rent his good
Under the grene wood tree
In he toke good Robyn
and all hys company
welcome be thou Robyn hood
welcome art thou me
I do the thanks for thy comfort

and for thy curtesye
and for thy great kindnes
Under the grete wood tree
I loue no man in al the world
So muche as I do thee
For all þe proud shryfe of Nofinghā
Right here shalt thou be
Shutte the gates & drawe the brydge
and let no man come in
and arme you well & make you redy
and to the wall ye wyne
For one thyng Robyn I the hote
If were by saynt Quintine
thou shalt these .x. dayes abide wth
to suppe, eate a daine (me
Bordes were laid & clothes were spred
Redye and anone
Robyn hode and his mery men
To meate can they gone

The sixte tytte.

Lythe and lytten gentyl men
and herken vnto the songe
Howe the proude shirife began
and men of armes stronge
Full fast came to the hye shirife
the countrey by to route
and they beset the knightes castell
The walles all aboute
the proude shirife loude can crye
and sayd thou traytoure knyght
Thou kepest there þe kinges enemies
agaynst the lawes and ryght

By I wyll auow that I haue done
The dedes that here be dyght
Upon all the laudes that I haue
As I am true knyght
Wende forth syz on your way
and do ye no more vnto me
Tyll you wete our kynges wyl
what he wyl say to the
the Gyfite thus had his answer
without any lesyng
Forth he went to London towne
All for to tell our kyng
there he told him of that knight
and eke of Robyn hode
and also of the bolde archers
That noble were and good
He wolde auow that he had done
to mayntayne the out lawes strong
he wold be lord & set you at nought
In all the Northlande
I wyll be at Notingham sayd þ king
within this fourte nyght
and take I wyll Robin hode
and so I will that knight
Go home thou woude shryfe
And do as I the bydde
and orderne good archers ynow
Of all the wyde countre
the shryfe had his leue ytake
and went him on his way
and Robyn hode to grene wode
Upon a certayn daye

And

and yfcel John was hole of the arrowe
 That shot was in his kne
 and did him greyght to Robyn hode
 Under the grene wood tree
 Robyn hode walked in the forrest
 Under the leues grene
 The proude shirife of Nottingham
 Therfore he had great tene
 þ shirife ther he sayled of Robyn hode
 He might not haue his praye
 then he awayted that gentyl knyghte
 Both by nyght and by daye
 Euer he awayted that gentyl knyghte
 Syr richard at the Lee
 as he went on hauking by þ riuer side
 and let his hauke flye
 to be there this gentil knight
 with men of armes stronge
 and lad him home to Nottingham wards
 ybound both foote and hande
 the shyrife swore a full great othe
 By him that died on a tree
 He had letter then an hysoreth poude
 that robin hode had he
 then the lady the knyghtes wyfe
 a fayre lady and free
 She set her on a good palfray
 to grenewood anone rode shee
 when she came to the forrest
 Under the grene wood tree
 there found she Robyn hode
 and all his fayre menyng

God the laue good Robyn hode
And all thy company
For our dere ladyes loue
A bone graunt thou me
Let thou neuer my wedded lord
Shamfully slayne to be
He is fast bound to Notingha warde
For the loue of the
anone than sayd good Robyn
to that lady fre
What man hath your lord ytake
The proude shirife than sayd she
He is not yet passed thre myles
you may them ouer take
Up than starte good Robyn
as a man that had be wode
But ke you my mery yemen
For hym that dyed on a tree
And he that this forowe forsaketh
By hym that dyed on a tree
And by him that al thinges maketh
No lenger shall dwell with me
soone ther were good howes ybente
No than seven score
Hedge ne dytche spared they none
that was them before
I make mine auowe to god sayd Robyn
the knight would I sayne see
and yf he may him take
yquite than shall he bee
and whan they came to Notingham
they walked in the strete

And

And with the proude thyrfte wys
 Soone gan the mete
 Abyde thoti proude thyrfte he sayd
 Abyde and speake with me
 Of some tydinges of our kinge
 I wolde saye here of the
 Thys leuen yere by dere worthy god
 He yede I so fast on fote
 I make myne auowe to god þ proude
 That is not for thy good Thyrfte
 Robin bente a good bowe
 An arrow he drew at his wyll
 He hyt so the proude thyrfte
 Upon the grounde he lay full still
 And o he might by arfte
 On his fet e to stande
 He smote of the thyrftes head
 With hys bright bronde
 Lye thou there thou proude thyrfte
 Full may thou thryue
 there might no man to the trust
 the whyles thou wast alyue
 His mē drew out ther bright swordes
 that were so sharpe and kene
 and layde on the thyrftes men
 and dreyed them downe by dene
 Robyn start to that knight
 And cut into his bande
 And toke him in his hande a bowe
 and bade him by him stande
 Leue thy horse the behyrnde
 and learne for to renne

Thou shalt with me to grene wode
Throug myre molle and fene
Thou shalt with me to grene wode
wythout any leasyng
tyll that I haue get vs grace
Of Edward our comely kynge

¶ The. vii. fyfte.

The kyng came to Nottingham
with knightes in great aray
For to take that gentyll knight
and Robin hode if he may
He asked them of that countrei
After Robin hode
and after that gentyll knyght
that was so bolde and stoute
whan they had tolde him the case
Our kynge vnderstode their tale
and ceased in his hande
The knightes landes all
all the countre of of Lankeshyre
He wend both farre and nere
Tyl he came to Blomton parke
He saw many of his dere
ther our kynge was wont to se
Herdes many a one
He could vnneth fynde any dere
that bare any good horne
the kyng was wonder wrothe withall
and swore by the trinitie
I would I had Robin hode
wyth eyes I might him see
and he þ would smite of the knightes

(heade

And brynge it to mee
 He should haue þ knygthes landes
 Syr Rycharde at they le
 I geue it hym with my charter
 and seale it with my hande
 To haue and holde for euer more
 In al mery Englande
 than bespake a fayre old knyght
 that was true in his say
 a my lege lord the kynge
 One worde I shall you say
 there is no man in this countrey
 May haue the knyghthes landes
 whyle Robin hode may ride or gon
 And beare a bowe in his handes
 that he ne shall lose his heade
 that is the best ball in his hoode
 Giue it to no man my lord þ kynge
 that ye wyll any good
 Halfe a yere dwelled our cōly kyng
 In Nottingham and well more
 Could he not here of Robyn hoode
 In what countre that he were
 But alway went god Robyn
 By halte and eke by hyll
 And all way sette the knynges dere
 and vsed them at hys wyll
 than bespake a proude fostere
 that stode by our knynges kne
 If ye wyll se good Robyn
 you must do after me
 Take liue of the best knyghthes

That

That we be in your lede
and walked dōwne by your abbay
and get you monkes wede
and I wyl be your lodes man
and lede you on the waye
and or ye come to Nottingham
my heade then dare I save
That ye shall mete with good Robin
On lyue yf that he be
or ye come to Nottingham
with eyes ye shall him see
Full hastely our kyng was dyght
So were his knyghtes fyue
They were all in monkes wede
and hasted them thither blythe
our kyng was great aboute his cole
a brode hat on his crowne
Right as he were a bbot lyke
They rode vp into the towne
Styffe botes our king had one
Forsothe as I you saye
He rode syngyng to grene wood
The couent was clothed in gray
His male horse and his great samers
Followed our kyng behynde
Tyl they came to grenewood
a mile vnder the lynde
There they met with good Robin
Standinge by the waye
and so dyd many a bolde archere
Forsothe as I you saye
Robyn the kynges horse

Mauncy in that neede

And saed Syr abbot by your leue

a whyle you must abyde

we be yemen of this forest

Under the grene wode tree

we leue by our kynges deere

O ther lyfthane not we

And ye haue churches & ceteres both

and good full great plente

Geue vs some of your spendyng

for saynt charite

Than bespake our comely kyng

anone than sayd he

I brought no more to grene wode

But fourty pound with me

I haue layne at Nottingham

This fourtnight with our kyng

and spend I haue muche good

On many a great lordyng

and I haue but fourty pounde

No more than haue I me

But if I had a hundreth pounde

I would geue it to the

Robyn toke the fourty pounde

and deliude it than did he

Halfe he gaue to his mery men

and had them mery to be

Full curteously Robyn gan say

Syr haue this for your spendyng

we shall mete an other day

Gramercy than sayd our kyng

But well the greteth Edward our kyng

G. l.

he hath

He hath sent to the his sacre
and biddeth the come Nottingham
Both to meate and to mele
He toke out the brode scale
and sone he let me se
Not in could his curtesye
And set him on his knee
I loue no man in all the world
So well as I do my kynge
Welcome is my lordes scale
and monke for thy tydyng
Syr abbot for thy tydynges
to day thou shalt dyne with me
For the loue of my kynge
Under my trusty tree
For he had our comely kyng
Full fayre by the hande
Many a dere ther was slayne
and full fast was dyghtande
Robyn toke a full great horne
And loude he can it blowe
Seuen score of wight yemen
Came runnyng on a row
All they kneled on their knee
Full fayre before Robin
The kyng said him selfe vntill
And swore by saint Austyn
Dere is a wonder semely syghte
We thynketh by goddes pene
His men are more at his byddyng
Than my men be at mine
Full halp was their dyner dyghte

And therto can they gone
They served our kynge with all these
Both Robin and lytel John (might
anone before our kyng was set
The fatte penyson
The good whit bread & good red win
And therto the fyne ale browne
Make good there sayd Robin
Abbot for charitie
And for this ylike tydynge
Blessed may thou be
Nowe shalt thou se what lyfe we lede
Or that thou hence wende
than thou maiest ensourm our kyng
whan ye together by lence
Alp they sterre all in hall
their bowes were smartely bente
Our kyng was neuer so sore agast
He wende to haue ben hente
Two perdes there werd by set
therto can the gange
Bo fasty space our kyng sayde
the markes were to longe
On euery syde a rose garlande
the shot vnder the lyne
who so faileth of the rose garland said
Hes takyll he shal tyme Robyn
And relde it to his master
Be it neuer so frne
For no man wyll I spare
So drynke I ale or wyne
A good buffet on his head bare

Edw.

For that shalbe his tyme
and those that sell to Robyn lot
He smote them wonder sare
Ewyle Robyn shot a bout
and euer he cleued the wand
and so did good Gilbert
with the lilly white hande
Lytell John and good Scathelocke
For nothing would they spare
whan they sayled of the garland
Robyn smote them full sare
at the last shot that Robyn shot
For all his frendes sare
yet he sayled the garlande
Wher syngers ant more
than bespake good Elkerre
and than he gan say
Maister he said your takal is lost
Standeforth and take your pay
Itt be so saide Robin
that may no better be
Syr abbot I delyuer the mine arowe
I pray the serue thou me
It falleth not for mine order saide the
Robin by thyleue (kyng)
For to smite no good yeman
For doubt I should him greue
Simple on holdly said robin
I geue the largely leue
None our king with that worde
He solded by his leue
And such a buffet he geue Robyn

To ground ye yede full nere
I make mine auow to god said robb
thou art a tall frere
Ther is pith in thine arme said robb
I trowe thou can wel hote
Thus our king and Robin hode
together they gan mete
Robyn behelbe our comely kyng
Stedfastly in the face
So did syr Richarde at the Lee
and kneled downe in that place
and so did all the wild outlawes
whan they sawe them knele
My lord the kyng of Englande
Now I knowe you wele
Mercy than sayd robin to our king
Under this trusty tree
Of thy goodnesse and thy grace
for my men and for me
and yet sayd good robin
as good god do me saue
I aske the mercy my lord the kyng
and for my men I it craue
yes for god sayd our kyng
Thy petition I graunt the
So þ thou wylt leue the grene weode
and all thy company
and come home to my court
There to dwell with me
I make mine auowe to god sayd robin
and ryght so shall it be
I wyl come to your court

your seruyce for to se
And byng with me of my men
• Seuen score and thre
But and I lyke not your seruyce
I wyll come agayne full soone
And shote at the diuine dere
as I was wont to done

The. viii. mytte kyng
Hast þ any grene cloth said our
That þ wylte now sell to me
ye for god sayde Robyn
Thyrti yerdes and thre
Robyn sayd our kyng
Now pray I the
To sel to me some of that cloth
To me and my meyn
yes for good than said Robyn
Or els I were a foole
and other day ye wyl me cloth
I trowe agaynst the yole
the kyng cast of his cote than
a grene garment he dyd on
and etery knight had so wyys
they clothed them full soone
whan they were clothed in Lincoln
they cast away ther gray (grene
Now shal we to Notyngham
all this our kyng can say
the bent their bowes and forth they
Shotidg all in fere (went
toward the town of Notyngham
Outlawes as they were

Our kyng & Robyn rode together:
For soth and as I you say
And all they shot plucke buffet
As they wente by the way
and many a buffet our kyng wan
Of Robyn hode that daye
and nothyng spared good Robin
Our kyng whan he did paye
So god me helpe sayd the kyng
Thy game is nought to lere
I thou'd not get a shote of the
Though I shote all this vere
All the people of Nottingham
they rode and beheld
they sawe nothyng but mantels of
That couered all the felde grene
than euery man to the other ca say
I drede our kyng be slone
Come robyn hode to the towne by wis
On lyue he leueth not one
full hastely they began to fle
Both pemyen and knaues
and olde wyues that might euill go
They hypped on their staues
The kyng lough ful fast
and commaunded them to come agayne
whan they sawe our comely kyng
þwys they were full fayne
They ate and dranke and made them glad
and songe with notes hye
than bespake our comely kyng
To sye Rycharde of the le

Begane

He gaue him there his lande agayne
A good man he had him be
Robin hode thanked our comely king
And set him on his knee
Robt hode dwelleth in þe kinges court
Both twelue monethes and three
that he had spent an hundredth pound
and all his mennes fee
In euery place where Robine came
Euermore he lay downe
Bothe for knyghtes & squyers
To get him a great renoune
By than the yere was all gone
He hadde no man but twayne
Lytel John and good scathelocke
wyth hym all for to gone
Robin sawe yonge men hote
Full fayre vpon a day
alas than said good Robin
My welthe is wend away
Sometime I was an archer good
a styffe and eke a stronge
I was comended for the best archer
That was in mery Englande
alas than sayd good Robyn
alas what shall I do
If I dwell lenger wyth the kinge
Sorrowe wyll me do
Forth than went Robin hode
Till he came to our king
My lord the kyng of Englande
Graunt me my askyng

I made a Chapell in Bernisdale
 That semely is to se
 It is of Mary Magdalene
 and there would I faene be
 I might no time this seven nightes
 No time to slepe ne wyke
 Neyther all this seven dayes
 Noether eate nor drynke
 Me longeth sore to Bernisdale
 I may not be ther fro
 Bare fote & wolward haue I hight
 thether for to go
 If it be so than sayd our kyng
 It may no beter be
 Seven nyghtes I geue the leue
 No lenger to dwell frome
 Oramercy lorde than sayd Robyn
 and set him on his kne
 He toke his leue full curteesy
 To grene wode than went he
 whan he came to grene wode
 In a mery moornyng
 There he harde the notes small
 Of byrdes mery syngyng
 It is sarre gon sayd Robyn
 That I was last here
 I haue a lyttell lust for to hote
 at the doune dere
 Robyn slew a full great harte
 His horne than can he blowe
 that all fise outlawes of that forrest
 that horn e could they knowe

H.I.

and

And gadered them together
In a lytell throuwe
Seuen score of myght yemen
Camerturning on a rowe
and laye dyd of their hodes
and set them on their kne
welcome they sayde our master
Under the grene wood tre
Robin dwelleth in grenewode
twenty yeres and two
than for drede of Edward our kyng
Agayne would he not go
yet he was beggled ywys
through a wicked woman
the pryoresse of kyrclesly
that nyte was of his kyng
For the loue of a knight
Syr Roger of Donkesset
for euyll mot thou the
they toke together their counsaill
Robyn hode for to fle
and howe thei might best do þe dede
his banes for to be
than bespake good Robyn
In place where as he stode
to morowe I must to kyrclesly
Craftely to be letten bloude
Syr Roger of Donkesset
By the pryores helaye
and there they betrayed good Robyn hode

Thou go their ralle playe
Christ haue mercy on his soule
That dyed on the roode
For he was a good outlawe
And dyd poore men muche good.

Thus endeth the lyfe of
Robyn hode

CD

of Robyn hode, verie
proper to be played
in Maygames.

Robyn hode.

(all



My stand yeforth my mery men
and hark what I shall say
Of an adventure I shal you tell
the which befell this other day
as I went by the hygh way with
a stoute frere I met
and a quarter staffe in his hande
Lyghtely to me he lept
and styl he hade me stande
There were stryppes two or three
But I can not tell who had the worse
But well I wote the horsen lepte within me
and frome he toke my purse
Is there any of my mery men all
That to that frere wyl go
and byng him to me forth withall whether he
(wyl or no

Mytell John

yes mayster I make god allowe
To that frere wyl I go
and byng him to you whether he wyl or no

Myter tuche
Deus hic, deus hic, god be here

Is not

And thus a holy wote to a lile

God saue all this compay

But am not I a folly fyer

For I can shote both farre and nere
and handle the sworde and buckler
and this quarter staffe also

If I mete with a gentylman or yema

I am not asrayde to loke hyr vpon

Nor holdly with him to carpe

If he speake any wordes to me

He shall haue stryppes two or thre

That shal make his body smarte

But maister to shew you the matter

wherfore and why I am come hither

In sayth I wyl not spare

I am come to seke a good yeman

In Bernisdale me sai is his habitacō

His name is Robyn hode

and if that he be better man than I

His seruant wyl I be and serue him truly

But if that I be better man than he

By my truth my knaue shall he be

and leade these dogges all thre

Robyn hode.

yelde the fyer in thy long cote

fyre tucke

I be shew thy hart knaue, & hurtell my throt

Robyn hode

I trowe fyer thou beginnest to dote

who made the so malapert and so bolde

To come into this forrest here

amonge my salowe dere

H.iii.

fyre

Fryer.

Go louse the ragged knaue
If thou make mani wordes I wil gette þ on þ
Though I be but a poore fryer (care
To seke Robyn hode I am com here
And to him my hart to breke

Robyn hode.

Thou lousy frer what wouldest thou W hym
He neuer loued i fryer nor none of freiers kyn

Fryer.

Auaunt ye ragged knaue
Or ye shall haue on the skynne

Robyn hode.

Of all the men in the morning þ art the worst
To mete with the I haue no lust
For he that meteth a frere or a fox in þ morning
To spede ell that day he standeth in ioperdy
Therefore I had leuer mete with þ deuil of hell
Fryer I tell the as I thinke
Then mete with a fryer or a fox in a morning
Or I drynke

Fryer.

Auasit thou ragged knaue this is but a mock
If you make m li words you shal haue a knock
Robyn hode

Harke frere what I say here
Ouer this water thou shalt me bere
The bydge is bozhe away

Fryer.

To say nape I wyll not
To let the of thine oth it were great pitie & lye
But vpon a fryers backe and haue euen in
Robyn

Robyn hode.

May haue ouer

frere

Now am I frere Win ad thou Robi without

To lay the here I haue no great doubt

Now art thou Robyn without, a I frere Win

I ye ther knaue chose whether þu wilt synke or

Robyn hode.

(Sings)

why thou lowly frere what hast thou done

frere.

may set a knaue ouer the shone

Robyn hode

Therefore thou aby

frere

why wilt thou fyght a plucke

Robyn hode.

and god send me good lucke

frere.

I han haue a stroke for frere tucke

Robyn hode.

Holde thy hande frere and here me speke

frere.

Saye on ragged knaue

me seme thy begyn to swete

Robyn hode.

In this forest I haue a hounde

I wyl not giue him for an hundreth pound

Gette me leue my horne to blowe

That my hounde may knowe

frere.

Blowe on ragged knaue without any doubt

Untyll bothe thyne eyes starte out

H.iii.

Here be a sorte of ragged knaues come in
Clothed all in kendale grene
And to the they take their way nowe

Robyn hode

Peradventure they do so

¶ Fryer.

I gaue the letie to blowe at thy wyll
Now geue me leue to whiffell my spyll

¶ Robyn hode.

Whiffell freere euyl mote thou face
Un tyll bothe thyne eyes starte

¶ Fryer.

Now cut and haue

Bring forth the clubbes and staues
And downe with those ragged knaues

Robyn hode.

How sayest thou freere wilt thou be my man

To do me the best seruyse thou can

Thou shalt haue both golde and see

and also here is a Lady free

I wyll geue her vnto the

And her chapplayn I the make

To serue her for my sake

¶ Fryer

Here is an huckle duckletan in chaboue þ huc

she is a trul of trust, to serue a frier at his lust

a pycker a plannet a feret of sheles

a wagger of ballokes when other men sleepes

Go home ye knaues and lay crabbes in þ coze

For my lady & I wil daunce in þ myze for veri

¶ Robyn hode

(pure ioye)

Lyssen to my mery men all

and harken what I shall say

Di

that befell this other daye
with a proude potter I met
And arose garlande on his head
the flour es of it shone maruaylous freshe
this seuen yere & more he hath vsed this waye
yet was he neuer so curterle a potter
as one peny passage to paye
Is there any of my mery men all
That dare be so bolde
to make þe potter paye passage either siluer or

Tytell John.

(golde

Not I master for twenty pound redy tolde
For there is not among vs al one
that dare medle with that potter man for mā
I felt his handes not long agone
But I had leuer haue ben here by the
Therefore I knowe what he is
Mete him whē ye wil or mete him whā ye shal
He is as propre a man as euer you medle Wal

Robyn hode.

I will lat with the litel John .xx. pound so read
If I wyth that potter mete
I wil make him pay passage maugre his head

Lettell John.

I consente thereto so eate I bread
If he pay passage maugre his head
Tweti pound shall ye haue of me for your mede

The potters boye Jaske

Out alas that euer I sawe this daye.

A.

R.

From Notingham towne
If I hve me not the faster
Or I come there the marryet wel be done

Robyn hode

Let me se are the pottes hole and sounde

Jacke

yea meiller but they will not breake the ground

Robyn hode

I wil the breake for þe cuckold thi maisters sake
And if they will not breake the grounde
thou shalt haue thre pence for a pound

Jacke

Out alas what have ye done

If my maister come he will breake potis crowe
the pottet

why thou horseon art thou here yet
thou shouldest haue bene at market

Jacke

I met with robin hode a good yeman
He hath broken my pottes

And called you cuckold by your name

The pottet

Thou mayst be a gentylman so god me save

But thou seemest a noughty knave

Thou callest me cuckold by my name

and I sweare by God and saynt John

wyle had I neuer none

This cannot I denye

But if thou be a good felawe

I wil sel mi horse and harnais pottes a paniers

Thou

If thou be not so content (other

Thou shalt haue stripes if þ were my brother

Robynhode

Hark potter what I shall say

this seuen yere and more þ shalt vsed this way

yet were thou neuer so curteous to me

As one penny passage to paye

the potter

why should I paye passage to thee

Robynhode

So I am Robynhode chiefe gouernoure

Under the grene woode tree

the potter

this seuen yere haue I vsed this way vp and

yet payed I passage to no man (downe

No: now I wyll not begynne to do þ worst þ ca

Robynhode

passage shalt thou pai here vnder þ grene woode

O: els thou shalt leue a wedded with me (tre

the potter

If thou be a good felowe as men do the call

Laye aWaye thy bowe

And take thy sword and buckeler in thy hands

And se what shall befall

robin hode

Lyttle John where art thou

Lyttell

Here mayster I make god aUowe

I tolde your mayster so god me saue

that you shoulde fynde the potter a knaue

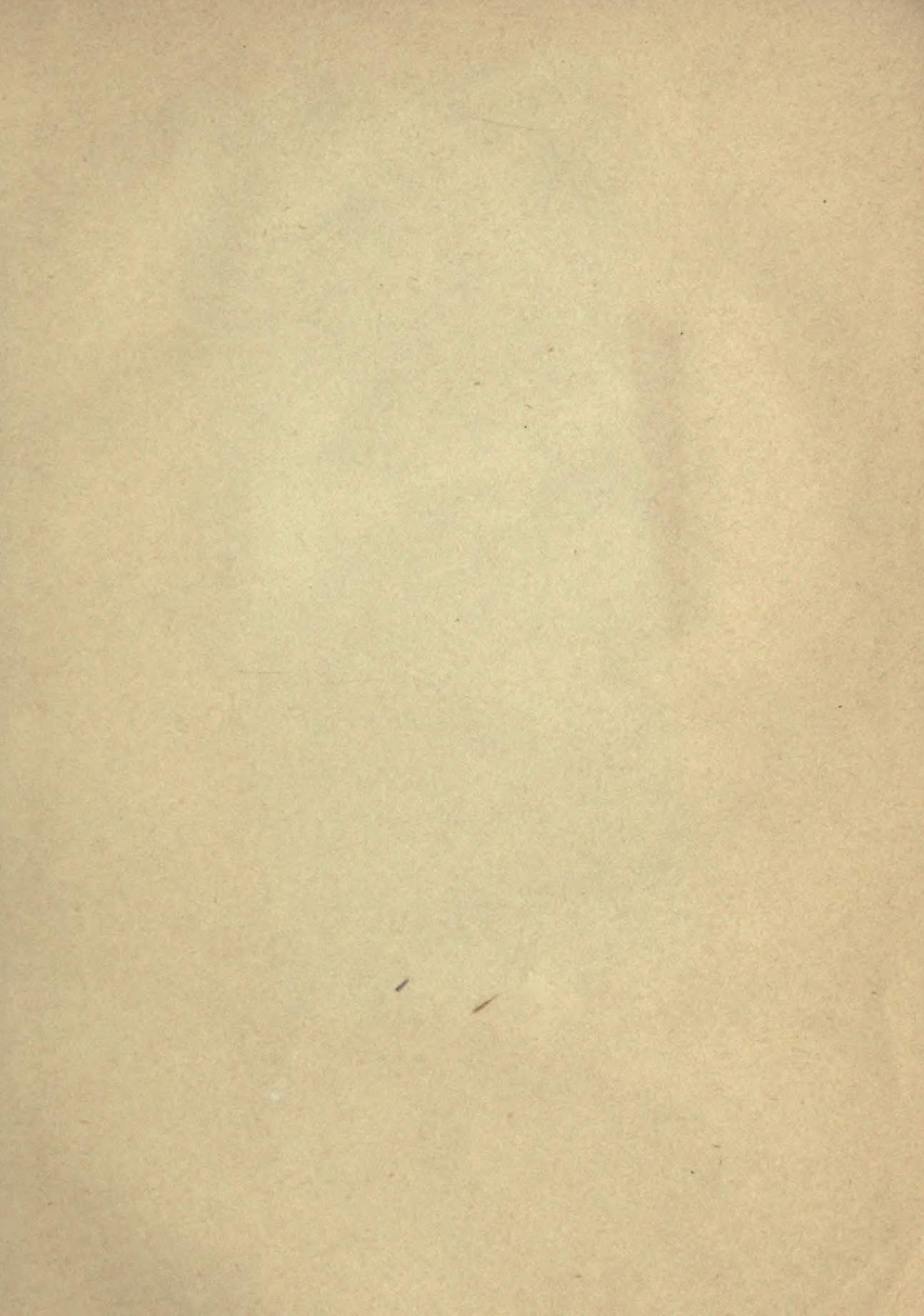
holde

And I wyll styly by you stonde
Ready for to fyghte
Be the knaue neuer so stoute
I shall rappe him on the snoute
And put hym to flyghte

Thus endeth the play of
Robyn Hode

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